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VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 23.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1879.

WHOLE NUMBER 387.

My Own, My Native Land.
Reaches there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whole heart bath never within its bourned,
As home—where his footstep hath been strown?
Is there no corner of a foreign street?
If such three breaths, no mark him well;
For him no minister raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as with can claim:
Desires those titles, power and self,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Lives not; and dies, and dies again;
And, deathly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unswept, unshorn'd, and unsung.
—[Ray of the Last Minstrel.]

Prayer for Humanity.
The prayer of a man is like light,
That makes that dark and desperate light,
The darkness that now day night,
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes down like dumb despair
One-half the human race.
—[Longfellow.]

A Good Story of Judicious Advertising.

A man was denouncing newspaper advertising to a crowd of listeners.

"Last week," said he, "I had an umbrella stolen from the vestibule of the — church. It was a gift, and as I valued it very highly, I spent double its worth in advertising, but have not recovered it." "How did you word your advertisement?" asked a merchant. "Here it is," said the man, producing a slip cut from a newspaper. The merchant took it and read:

"Lost, from the vestibule of the — church, last Sunday evening, a black silk umbrella. The gentleman who

took it will be handsomely rewarded by leaving it at No. —, San Fernando street."

"Now," said the merchant, "I am a liberal advertiser, and have always found that it paid me well. A great deal depends upon the manner in which an advertisement is put. Let us try for your umbrella again, and if you do not acknowledge that advertising pays, I will purchase you a new one." The merchant then took a slip of paper from his pocket and wrote, "If the man who was seen to take an umbrella from the vestibule of the — church last Sunday evening does not wish to get into trouble and have a stain cast upon the Christian character which he values so highly, he will return it to No. —, San Fernando street. He is well known." This duly appeared in the paper, and on the following morning the man was astonished when he opened the front door of his residence. On the porch lay at least a dozen umbrellas, of all shades and sizes. Many of them had notes attached to them, saying that they had been taken by mistake, and begging the loser to keep the little affair quiet. —[Hartford Times.]

Terrible Accident.

The victim's name was Richard O. Jones, and he lived with his stepfather, Wm. S. Jones, on Market street, between Main and Vine. The accident happened at the Rod Mill, where he was employed as "sticker-in" at the fishing rolls, his work being to catch the ends of the wire rods as they came through the rolls and guide them through the last pass before they are wound upon the spindle at the North end of the building. At a quarter after 5 o'clock this morning, only fifteen minutes before the usual quitting time, one of the long, red-hot rods, whose end had just inserted in his part of the rolls, became twisted as it was guided along the iron rod behind him by a boy named John Bingham. The rods were running at the rate of 450 revolutions per minute, and the twist caused the wire to curve through the air, one of the loops falling over young Jones' body, just below the ribs, and drawing him down on his knees, with his back against the rolls, through which the wire sped with lightning-like rapidity. John Devine, a fellow workman, was standing within a few feet of the victim, but was powerless to render any assistance. John Rowley seized an ax and with one blow severed the wire, but not before it had cut and burned its way through the body of the victim. The left arm was severed between the elbow and shoulder, the right between the elbow and wrist, and a portion of the backbone was all that held the mutilated body together. His bowels were cut into small pieces and fell out in a mass on the floor. —[Johnstown (Pa.) Tribune.]

Read this and shiver: The Summit House windows on the top of Mount Washington, are all snowed and frozen up, and the promenade platform, like the rocks about, is still almost over shoes in snow, and every post and North west facing rock is still covered to a depth of nearly half a foot.

If you would relish food, labor for it before you take it; if enjoy clothing, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you. —[Franklin.]

Five Minutes.

No Remarks About the Weather.
At a late commencement in this city, Dr. S. Ireneus Prime, the well known editor of the New York *Observer*, spoke the following five minute piece, which ought to be committed to memory and reduced to practice by every young man in the land. Men in their prime might also hope to profit by taking to themselves this Prime advice:

"I am invited to speak to you five minutes, and only five. Little may be said, and much may be done, in five minutes. In five minutes you may fire a city, scuttle a ship, or ruin a soul. The error of a moment makes the sorrow of a life. Get that thought well into your hearts, and my work is done in a minute instead of five.

Tempted to sin, remember that in five minutes you may destroy your soul, fill your soul with undying remorse, and bring, with sorrow, your father's gray hair to the grave. But if you can do so much evil, so you may do a mighty sum of good in five minutes.

You may decide to live for usefulness and honor. Every thing hangs on that choice, and it may be made in five minutes.

Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves; take care of the minutes and the hours are safe. I made a little book in this way; in the breakfast-room were pen and ink and paper; and if, when the hour for breakfast came, all was not ready, I wrote a few words or lines, as time allowed. The book was finished, and it had been published scarcely a week before I heard it had saved a soul, it has saved many since. It did not cost me one minute that would have been used for any thing else.

Five minutes in the morning, and as many in the evening, will make you the master of a new language in two or three years. Before you are of middle age you may speak all the modern tongues, if you will but ignore the spare minutes of the years now flying.

Minutes are more than jewels; they are 'the stuff that life is mad of'; they are diamond stepping-stones to wisdom, usefulness and wealth; the ladder to heaven.

It will not take five minutes to do a good deed, and one a day will make a life of honor and usefulness, with glory beyond." —[The South.]

A Natural Soap Mine.

On Smith's Creek, Elkton County, N. Y., there is a most remarkable stratum of steatite resting horizontally in a steep bluff of volcanic matter which flanks the eastern side of Smith's Creek valley. The stratum of steatite is from three to ten feet in diameter. It is easily worked and is a veritable soap mine. In fact, the farmers, cattle men and sheep herders in that region use the natural article for washing purposes. Chemically considered, this peculiar clay is a hydrated silicate of alumina, magnesia, potash, and lime. When the steatite is first dug from the stratum it looks precisely like immense masses of mottled Castile soap, the mottling element being a small per centage of iron oxide. The Virginia (Nev.) *Chronicle* says that it is similar in appearance to the Castile soap sold in large bars. Nothing is added to the mineral but a trifle more alkali and some scenting extracts. Its detergent powers are as powerful as those of any manufactured soap.

A BIG GRAPE VINE.—The Stockton (Cal.) *Independent* mentions an immense vine growing over the residence of W. J. Phelps, only a mile from the city: "The vine was planted nineteen years ago as a cutting, and is now twelve inches in diameter at the trunk. A foot or two above the ground it divides into three main branches, each over five inches in diameter at the base, and from twenty to forty feet long, spreading over a large trellis, and covering the whole rear of the house. It is of the Mission variety, and is yearly loaded with grapes. Mr. Phelps estimates that he has already picked at least one ton of grapes from it, and at a fair calculation it now has not less than a ton and a half of grapes still hanging upon it. The leaves have begun to fall from the vine, so that the immense amount of fruit with which it is laden can be seen to advantage. —[Boston Globe.]

Old Mrs. Cuir says she has always noticed that in the summer time when it is not needed the sun is always hot as an oven, while in the winter when a warm sun would be very agreeable, it is as cold as an ice-house. We have noticed this, too. It must be the fault of the almanac makers.

He who climbs above the cares of the world and turns his face to his God, has found the sunny side of life. The world's side of the hill is chill and freezing to a spiritual mind, but the Lord's presence gives a warmth of joy which turns winter into summer.

The boy who says "it's my turn" as the short-eake is being passed, rarely makes the same remark when the mowing machine knives have to be held out wonderfully. If some of the perquisites arising are given to the children for the care bestowed, they will cheerfully help in the garden and thus another item is added to the well being of the family.

Attention to little things about the farm, as in other business, is what increases the profits. Plenty of eggs, a few chickens, a few calves, a colt or two, help out wonderfully.

One man asked another why his beard was so brown and his hair so white. "Because," he replied, "one is twenty years older than the other."

The Changes in the Frog.

It was hot yesterday. It was hotter at noon. It was so hot that passengers on the street took off their hats mopped their brows, and fiercely declared that they knew at the time we'd catch it about the 1st of July. The Rome enclown had just one chair left, and this was taken by a red-whiskered man, whom checks the perspiration fairly ran. His clothes stuck to the smell of his back, his big red hands were wet to the finger nails, and it was evident that the sun had been trying to corner him; seven or eight men were making ready to tell him it was a warm day, when the stranger drew out a big revolver, laid it on his knee, and looking up and down the room, slowly remarked:

"Gentlemen, I'm a stranger here, but have bought a house and lot up the street, and shall pass here six times a day. This is my day for opening the season."

Every man looked at him in a wondering way, and gently caressing the weapon of death, the stranger added:

"It is hot weather. Even a fool knows that. It's going to be hotter. Too weeks hence it will be regular old frying pan weather. Now, then, while I shall realize it forcibly as any one, I'll shoot the first man that says weather to me. I won't have it over to hear to it. I am willing to be broiled baked or roasted; but I don't want to talk about it. Now, let some one remark that it's a hot day—bad for grass—looks like too little rain—awful dusty, or beautiful breeze, and I'll begin shooting."

Not a lisp was heard. If any one imagined that there might be a frost at night in the lower Picket wire region, he kept his thoughts to himself. —[Trinidad (Col.) News.]

VAST POSSESSIONS.—It has long been the boast of Englishmen that the sun never sets on British territory, and there was no nation that could claim a like pre-eminence until the American government acquired Alaska. San Francisco is no longer an extreme verge of the Union. The city is now only about Midway between the farthest Aleutian Island and Eastport, in Maine. In other words, our territory extends through 197 degrees of longitude. The Rocky Mountain *Presbyterian*, in commenting upon this fact, says: "When the sun is giving it good-night kiss to our Westernmost, on the confines of Behring's Sea, it is already flooding the fields and forests of Maine with its morning light, and in the Eastern part of that State is more than an hour high. At very moment when the Aleutian fisherman, warned by the shades of approaching night, pulling his canoe toward the shore, the wood-chopper in Maine is beginning to make the forest ring echo with the stirring music of his ax."

It is not our opinion that General Grant will be nominated for a third Presidential term by the National Convention of the Republican party in 1880. When he went into the White House in 1869 three-fourths of the members in both branches of Congress were Republicans, and when he went out of it in 1877 the Democrats had seventy majority in the House and could see to an early majority in the Senate. The rascality in his administration had produced this mighty revolution. The Republicans are well aware of these facts, and they have no idea of committing political suicide. —[Courier-Journal.]

THE FUMIGATED FUGITIVE.—The question with the unlucky refugee now is, whether it be not better to bear possible ill at home than to fly to others that are known to be a consarned sight worse; or, in other words, whether it is not pleasanter to die quietly of the fever than to carry fumigating fumes of sulphur around wherever you go, and thus become abhorred of your fellow-men. —[Memphis Avalanche.]

"When a stranger treats me with want of respect," said a poor philosopher, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slight, but my old shabby hat and cloak, which, to say the truth, have no particular claims to adoration. So if my hat and cloak choose to fret about it, I let them, but it's nothing to me."

Leadville is so named because of the lead inadvertently carried away by persons who go there and get sick. A person was buried not long since in the local cemetery who was full of lead that the bearers thought it was a case of premature petrifaction. —[Buffalo Express.]

A Presbyterian minister in Colorado, has within a year organized two churches, built one house of worship and a parsonage, bought a church or gan, established two Sunday Schools, and three prayer meetings, taught three catechism classes, and supplied six preaching stations.

A very charitable man and no body's fool was he who used to say, when he heard any one being loudly condemned for some fault: "Ah, well, it is as cold as an ice-house. Bearers pronounce it a dangerous counterfeit.

A young lady ate half a wedding cake, and then tried to dream of her future husband. Now she says she would rather die than marry the man she saw in that dream.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them. —[Culton.]

The man who is anxious on all occasions to tell all he knows is pretty sure not to know all he tells.

Scandal is fed by as many streams as the Nile, and there is often as much trouble in tracing it to its source.

The Wells of Prairie Dogs.

Some time ago the statement was

made in the *American Agriculturist*,

on the authority of Mr. M. T. Leech,

of Nebraska, that the prairie dogs of

the Western States dig wells, each

"dog town" being provided with one.

This statement has been widely copied,

but has been denied by some persons,

and among others, by one of the

professors at Yale College.

Recently,

one of the state of the *Agriculturist*

has met Mr. Leech in Wyoming,

where he holds a responsible position

in the railway employ.

This gentleman reiterates his original statements, and adds that if skeptics will come to

Sidney, Nebraska, they will find

convincing proof of the accuracy of what he says.

There is a "town" of 25 or

30 prairie dogs about 5 rods from

the track Northwest of the Railroad

Hotel. The owner of the dogs will

show the visitor the well, and will

inform him that the first move that

the dogs made, after locating there, was

to dig for water. At a point on the

Kansas Pacific Railroad, not far from

Buffalo Station, the workmen in sink-

ing a tank reservoir some time ago,

struck one of these prairie dog wells

and followed it down to a depth of

200 feet. Mr. Leech's statements

were verified by Prof. Aughey, the

well known geologist at the Nebraska

State University, who had also dis-

covered such wells while making geo-

logical explorations along the Logan

River in Northern Nebraska.

"I was intending to go off on my

summer vacation to-day, but the tail-

or disappointed me on my clothes. All

you gentlemen who were served the

same trick will please stand up."

Every one of the other four men

stood up and gritted their teeth and

said down again.

"Now, then," continued the man,

"all you ladies who intended to go to

day and have been basely deceived by

your dressmakers will please raise

your right hands."

Every lady waved her

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, August 8, 1879.

W. P. WALTON, - - - Editor

The Election.

There was much apathy among the Democrats last Monday, but the State ticket received about the same majority (38,000) that it did four years ago, when McCrory was elected Governor. The vote for the Constitutional Convention did not reach the requisite Constitutional majority. The Republicans make slight gains in the Legislature, but it is, of course, still overwhelmingly Democratic. We append the results in some of the adjacent counties:

BOYLE.—Democratic State ticket carried by 192 majority. Doneghey, (Dem.) for Representative, beats Barclay (Rep.) 442 votes. Shumate, (Dem.) elected Jailer by 201 majority.

GARRARD.—Majority for Republican State ticket about 300. Murphy, (Rep.) for Representative, elected over Mason (Dem.) and Leavelle (Dem.) by 297 votes. For Convention, about 1,800.

MERCER.—Elected Dem. State ticket by 400 majority. Watt Hardin's majority, however, will nearly double this. T. L. Robertson, (Dem.) of Larue, for District Attorney, and John R. Duncan, (Dem.) for Representative, had no opposition. J. P. Coleman (Dem.) elected to fill the unexpired term for Jailer of W. A. Brobaugh, dead.

MADISON.—Majority of about 150 for Dem. State ticket. Speaker E. W. Turner, (Dem.) for Representative, defeated by J. Speed Smith (Rep.) by not less than 200 majority.

MARION.—Elected Dem. State ticket by about 420. Rawlings, (Dem.) for Representative, elected by 457 majority. Robinson, (Dem.) for Commonwealth's Attorney, had no opposition. For Convention, 937.

ROCKCASTLE.—See Mt. Vernon letter.

JESSAMINE.—Sends Dr. Welch (Dem.) back to the Legislature.

DAIRY.—Blackburn's majority about 50. Tupman, (Dem.) for Representative, elected by 30 votes.

LOUISVILLE.—Elected Dem. Legislative and Senatorial candidates throughout.

As the State to lead off in the Fall elections and inspire the Democracy with enthusiasm, Kentucky did not appear to a very great advantage on Monday. If the Democrats in Maine, in New York and in Ohio follow the example of our Kentucky fellows there will be some heavy tumbling of Democratic anti-election figures. They had hoped to record a more generous and lively outpouring of the faithful, as a promise of what Kentucky would do next year, but there was evidently too great a reliance upon the big figures of former elections, and every body concluded that somebody in the big Democratic fold would help the ticket and bring up the majority if he didn't. The Kentucky Democrats must do better next year. If they behave this way in November, 1880, they must calculate on depressing consequences.

If the Kentucky Republicans were not a poor, indolent, vacadaisical set they would have done much better than they did Monday. There is not much to be feared from the present horde of Federal office-seekers, but if the Democrats continue to train under Gen. Apathy, the Republican fraud mongers at Washington will begin to pay attention to Kentucky as a good field for their peculiar skullduggery, and money and men will be sent to capture the State. There was not a great deal of damage done Monday. The little broken crockery can be mended. The decreased majority must serve as a reminder of what it might be if every Democratic voter consulted his own comfort. Next year the Democratic candidate for the Presidency must have a majority of 100,000 in Kentucky. [C.J.]

The New York Tribune admits that there was a plot conceived by the Republicans in 1877 to seize Mr. Tilden and confine him in Fortress Monroe. This organ of the Dacoits justifies the scheme on the ground that opposition to the Republican party is treason. Democrats can judge of what may be expected of this revolutionary party should it be successful next year. All measures, however tyrannical and unlawful, will be justified on the ground of party expediency. A party which has held on to the government by cruel fraud and every species of crime, will make a league with hell itself to keep in power. That is the Republican party. [C.J.]

WALLER EVANS spoke in fifty counties. The Democratic majority is increased about 5,000. That's a gain of 100 Democratic votes for every Republican speech. Let us have more Republican orators in the next campaign. [Yeoman.]

For some reason best known to himself, Walton, of the INTERIOR JOURNAL, would not allow the eloquent Bobbitt to come to the Legislature. [Yeoman.]

It is said that peculiar views upon property qualifications for voting and on certain railroad questions caused Hon. Ed. Turner's defeat in Madison.

Yellow Fever.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 6.—An increase is noted in to-day's fever report, and several very aggravated cases indicate an increase of the death list to-morrow.

The towns of the interior are running short of provisions, and it is expected that quarantines will ere long, be partially raised.

Leading citizens here have prepared a circular appealing to absentees at watering places to aid in feeding the poor in the camps near this city. The appeal is only to our own people, and it relates that full 3,000 people will need sustenance for the next sixty days; also, that the fund on hand is now nearly exhausted.

Many depurate any effort made by white citizens to check the colored people in their movement to raise funds in other cities for their needy. They think that no obstacle should be placed before these people, and if they can succeed in their affairs, none should complain. The race rises in their refusal to go to the camps, where rations are free. They prefer to brave the fever and starvation in the city.

Eighteen cases in all were reported to the Board of Health to-day, ten of whom were colored. Two additional deaths have occurred. The fever is gradually spreading from the two infected points, and great mortality can be anticipated.

At a meeting of the Committee of Safety this afternoon, it was resolved that rations and medical attention be supplied to all camps and societies alike, provided that all moneys or contributions received by said camps or societies be turned over to the Safety Committee. The city remains remarkably quiet and dull.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 6.—It was thought yesterday that the city was free of Fever, but another case is reported to-day.

If the Republicans succeed in reconstructing our form of government and cutting up the country into departments or provinces, we suppose there will be a great many such divisions so as to reward the party scoundrels who may help to bring about the change. We suppose the department of Kentucky will have over it Prefect Walter Evans, or Prefect Demitz, or Prefect Murray; the department of Ohio will have Prefect Deacon Richard Smith, or Prefect Halstead, or Prefect Comly, or Prefect Taft; the department of Indiana will have Prefect Holloway, of course. These prefects will be supported by large garrisons, for the absolute centralism at Washington will keep a standing army of not less than 160,000 men to assist in the wrenching of money out of the tax-payers to support the oligarchy. Elections will be abolished as useless exercise after a few years, and popular disturbances will be wiped out in blood by order of the Chief Marshal. This is about the style of government the Republicans are talking of establishing in place of the Federal Government of delegated and restricted powers which the Constitution now prescribes. It is their deliberate purpose to destroy the Union. This is the logical result of the absolute ideas advanced by Hayes, Secretary Sherman, and nearly all the Republican organs and orators. [C.J.]

COL. FRANK WOLFORD.

Editor Interior Journal: A man's circumstances in life, his success or want of it, is in a pecuniary point of view, the character of his relations, whether rich and influential or the reverse, the locality in which he resides, and all such things, have much to do, far too much, in determining the position which he is made to occupy in this world of injustice. Success in the matter of gathering up dollars gives prominence and influence to most inferior men. They are not only respected in a social way—even the meanest of them—but are often exalted to positions of honor and power for no other reason on God's earth than the mere fact, that by means been known to themselves (and which they generally keep to themselves,) they have become possessed of more than an ordinary quantity of things real and things personal.

There are other persons, who, being too lazy to acquire, or not strong enough to save up a fortune, are foisted into high places by the aid of relatives who are wealthy, and therefore strong in influence. Such creatures, without having any symptom of merit whatever, are given the most responsible, as well as the most lucrative situations, just to gratify the pride of their rich relations, and at the same time save them the trouble and expense of taking care of shiftless, good-for-nothing kinsmen.

Seringau, the capital of Cashmere, which for merly had 300,000 inhabitants, has only 30,000 since the famine.

The sale of Short-horn by Yanner, of Clark county, was the best that has been made so far, and for 63 animals, \$17,125 were realized.

The Washington County Stock Fair and Agricultural Society will hold its 18th Annual Fair near Springfield, Ky., on Aug. 27th, 28th, and 29th.

Scott & Sons bought of Mr. Pat Dolan 10 tons of hemp at \$5.50. This is the largest crop ever held by any farmer in the State. Hemp is getting scarce and is held at \$6. [Lexington Transcript.]

NASHVILLE, Aug. 6.—There are very strong indications that the proposition to compromise the Tennessee debt of \$24,000,000 will be defeated by the people tomorrow.

LONDON, Aug. 6.—The Brighton Cup was won by Isomony, Paul's Gray, second, and Drumhead third. Monk was the only other horse that started. Betting just before the race was ten to one on Isomony, who won easily.

Two pious Republicans, ex-Senator Dorsey and Col. Curry, had a rough-and-tumble fight on the streets of Denver, Col., the other day. They were probably both drunk, although it is said Republicans never drink or fight.

Stoughton says that the actual business of the United States Minister at St. Petersburg, does not consume a week's time out of the year. The other fifty-one weeks are spent attiulizing, dining out and giving dinners. This pastime costs the American tax payers for that position alone, \$17,500 a year.

There is a general scramble amongst the Radical lawyers all over the State for the office of U. S. District Judge, to fill the place made vacant by the recent death of Judge Ballard. The most prominent aspirants are Gen. D. W. Lillard, of Frankfort, and Col. Walter Evans, the defeated candidate for Governor.

Judge Curtis.

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The fact has been developed in Philadelphia, that the clerks in the Water Department have been quietly stealing the public cash for twelve years, and they have actually bagged over \$1,000,000. These thieves have lived extravagantly, and have sported diamond bracelets, but no body seems to have suspected any wrong until recently. [C.J.]

The Republican Campaign Committee at Washington sends out every day twenty-five mail-bags of speeches directed against Mr. Jefferson Davis and the "Confederate Brigadiers." Speeches on "national finance" they have no use for. The object of the committee is to make Republican voters swallow the romance of approaching "Southern rebellion." [C.J.]

The wreck of the steamer "Brother Jonathan," which founderred off Point St. George, near Crescent City, in July, 1865, has been discovered, and an expedition is being fitted out for the recovery of the \$1,000,000 in Treasury notes and bullion which was in her safe. The treasure is to be turned over to the government, whose claim to hold lapsed in ten days after the loss.

SAFETY, Aug. 6.—A Tucson dispatch gives further advices concerning the recent murder of the Shellback brothers in the Santa Rita Mountains. The murderers were renegade Apaches, who had been captured, provided that all moneys or contributions received by said camps or societies be turned over to the Safety Committee. The city remains remarkably quiet and dull.

On Thursday morning, 31st ult., Wm. Barnett, Moses Barnett and John Ferrell, life prisoners, and James Martin and Jos. Lambert, sentenced for five years, succeeded in escaping from the Penitentiary; but Moses Barnett, Martin and Lambert were soon captured. The others are still at large. The guards fired fifteen or twenty shots at the prisoners, two of which severely wounded Moses Barnett. The missing ones are said to be wounded also. They were all armed with dangerous-looking knives, evidently made by them while in prison. It will be remembered that Farnell was sent from this county for the killing of Sutton.

The Zulu war is now reported to be at an end, and the British government is now reckoning the expense. There is a remote recollection that the war was begun for the benefit of the British honor; but the insult, whatever it was, made so slight an impression on the world that nobody takes any account of it now, and every body looks upon the fracas from the dollars and cents stand-point. The House of Commons has been informed that the government needs \$15,000,000 more for South African expenses, making the whole amount \$22,500,000, and leaving a deficit in the budget of nearly \$6,000,000. The heavy expense and the death of the Prince Imperial will be the historic events of the war. [Cin. Enq.]

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Two pious Republicans, ex-Senator Dorsey and Col. Curry, had a rough-and-tumble fight on the streets of Denver, Col., the other day. They were probably both drunk, although it is said Republicans never drink or fight.

Stoughton says that the actual business of the United States Minister at St. Petersburg, does not consume a week's time out of the year. The other fifty-one weeks are spent attiulizing, dining out and giving dinners. This pastime costs the American tax payers for that position alone, \$17,500 a year.

There is a general scramble amongst the Radical lawyers all over the State for the office of U. S. District Judge, to fill the place made vacant by the recent death of Judge Ballard. The most prominent aspirants are Gen. D. W. Lillard, of Frankfort, and Col. Walter Evans, the defeated candidate for Governor.

"Judge Curtis, the senior counsel and boss fraud in the Bullock trial, got on a spree at Columbus, Ohio, cut a little negro boy and jumped his bail bond." [C.J.]

In Louisville last week, John H. Morton, proprietor of the Faro Bank at 73 Fifth Street, was shot and killed by Fred Rhoman, a drunken cigar maker. No cause for the deed is assigned. Rhoman was captured and put in jail; and as he was

in a decidedly non-aristocratic part of the world, where opportunities for education were altogether unfavorable—under these adverse circumstances, he managed to acquire a good English education, to which he had added by hard study, and many years practice, first-rate attainments as a lawyer. Though he had been quite successful in his profession, so far as patronage goes, having, perhaps, performed as much professional labor as any man of his age in Kentucky, yet, he has failed to acquire riches. He has earned "baux" of money, but hasn't barreled it. He has, in his own interest, all the elements of a bad collector; and as to saving money, he doesn't know what that means. He will sometimes take money from his debtor over this old hero and martyr to principle? Is there a man, or was there ever a man in this District who could represent us in Congress with more credit to himself and advantage to his constituents than Frank Wolford? As I think not, I now nominate him for that position in 1880.

Now, can any one give a good reason why such a man as this is neglected and ignored by his party? Is it just to give preference again and again, as we have done, to any body and every body over this old hero and martyr to principle?

Is there a man, or was there ever a man in this District who could represent us in Congress with more credit to himself and advantage to his constituents than Frank Wolford?

As I think not, I now nominate him for that position in 1880.

But Col. Wolford is not only a soldier and a patriot, but he is a statesman of real ability.

With a mind stored with all history and thoroughly versed in the principles of Government, he is fit to fill with honor and efficiency, the highest position in the gift of his fellow-citizens. He is a Democrat, true and faithful, at all times fighting the battles of his party with the same bravery, and the same effectiveness which have marked his military services.

Now, can any one give a good reason why such a man as this is neglected and ignored by his party? Is it just to give preference again and again, as we have done, to any body and every body over this old hero and martyr to principle?

Is there a man, or was there ever a man in this District who could represent us in Congress with more credit to himself and advantage to his constituents than Frank Wolford?

As I think not, I now nominate him for that position in 1880.

Equity.

Stanford, Aug. 1st, 1879.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOREST ACADEMY,

Anchorage, Ky.

Thirteen miles from Lexington a school for boys and young men. Aims to develop the character to evolve the mental power; to develop the physical power; to fit young men for practical usefulness. For further information, address GRO. M. EDGAR, Princeton.

SCHOOL NOTICE!

Miss Kate A. Blain's school for Boys and Girls will begin on the 2nd Monday in September, 1879. Terms, per session of 5 months, \$10.

STANFORD SELECT SCHOOL

—WILL OPEN—

31 MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER

Having an assistant, I can take pupils of any age from 5 to 18 years old, and charge \$100 per month. Come and see me, and you will get the most thorough instruction. For particulars apply to J. H. MYERS.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, August 8, 1879.

A New Advertising Wrinkle.

The recent attempted assassination of Edwin Booth recalls an incident that occurred while that tragedian was playing his last engagement in this city, and which is the real origin of the rumor that he intends never to visit the Pacific coast again.

It seems that one morning while Mr. Booth was making his toilet in his room at the Palace, the door quietly opened, and a wide-awake looking individual slid in and cheerfully bid the astonished actor good morning.

"How's 'Hamlet' to-day?" said the stranger, blandly. "Fraid you wouldn't see me if I sent my card up, so just dropped in informally, as it were."

"So I see," said the only "Iago." "What can I do for you?"

"The fact is, Mr. Booth," said the visitor, hurriedly, "I am the advertising agent for the Bazembees' Auction-house, on Market street. Cheapest clothing-house in the civilized world. Over 50,000 visitors at—"

"Don't want any ulsters. Can't look tragic in a coat with fifteen ridiculous pockets. A vaunt!—thou"

"But I don't want to sell you any, my dear sir," put in the agent; "I just come to make you a regular business proposition. Coin in it, my dear sir; coin in it."

"But zounds, sirrah, I am an actor—not an auctioneer!"

"That's exactly it. You know we agents are always up to some new advertising dodge or other. I attended your performance last night, Mr. Booth, and it occurred to me if you would only introduce some mention of our establishment into your lines, we could afford to pay very liberally for it."

"Could, eh?" said the hope of the American stage.

"Yes. You see you might graciously wedge in an allusion to us here and there, where it would seem kinder natural and appropriate like. For instance, there's 'Hamlet.' Instead of giving simply the lines 'customary suits of solemn black,' you might add, 'the kind they sell at Bazembees' for \$24.' That would sort of nail the attention of the audience, seems to me."

"I should think so," said the star, stealthily edging over toward a Roman sword in the corner.

"I see you catch the idea," continued the agent. "Now there's 'Romeo and Juliet.' There's dead loads of good chances in that. In the balcony scene you might say, 'I would wear one of Bazembees' cheap dog-skin gloves upon that hand that I might touch that cheek.'"

"You'd like that, would you?" grimly inquired Mr. Booth, slowly unsheathing the sword behind his back, and getting in front of the door.

"Yes, sir; we shouldn't mind \$100 a night to have that done in first-class style. Just think how it would make trade boom down at our place to have you thunder as 'Othello'—Desdemona, where is the elegant kerchief I bought for thee at Bazembees' at six bits a dozen? Why, sir, it would fairly—"

There was a funeral from the agent's house next day, and in deference to the last wishes of the martyr to advertising, his hearse bore on each side a splendid canvas inscription.

"Just arrived—50,000 more boys" suits at Bazembees'! Call early!"

[San Francisco News Letter.]

A Plant that Miscairred.

Yesterday afternoon a red-faced young man belonging to an excursion party called into a drug store and softly asked the soda-fountain boy if he was out of any particular kind of syrup. The boy made an investigation, and replied:

"We are out of sarsaparilla, but—"

"That's all right—all right, sir—you wait a minute," interrupted the young man, and away he went.

The boy took the empty reservoir from the fountain and replaced it, and in about two minutes the young man returned in company with his girl and four other people, evidently all friends. Walking up to the fountain he said:

"I'm going to take sarsaparilla in mine, for the doctors all recommend it, and if he hasn't any sarsaparilla, I won't take nothing—what do you all say?"

"Oh, we'll take the same," they replied.

The young man began to smile, and his left eye began to draw down, but what was his horror to see the boy draw out six glasses in succession and push them to the front, where they were eagerly drained of their contents. He tried to give the boy a look of mingled hate and murderous intent, but the boy was too busy to see it. He felt in all his pockets, brought up watch-keys, pennies and peanuts, and finally laid down twenty-seven cents and whispered to the boy:

"That takes my pile, and if I ever catch you outside of town I'll lick you to death!" [Detroit Free Press.]

Scene—Hotel reading room. Gentleman: "I beg your pardon, but where in hell have I seen you before, sir?" Gentleman (looking up from his paper): "I am sure I can't tell. What part of hell are you from, sir?"

[San Francisco News Letter.]

A Cold Reception.

John Brinkley is an old skinfright merchant in a village not far from the city. He had a clerk whom he persuaded to sleep in the store at night, thus saving the expense of hiring a watchman. Now, Dave Osborne, the clerk, was very fond of cards, and was in the habit of indulging in a four-hand game of euchre, inviting three of his friends to come to the store for that purpose and stay until it was closed. They often played until midnight. One night one of them was dispensed with. The cheat turned informer, and Dave was severely reprimanded, and commanded to discontinue the vicious practice on pain of being discharged. Dave promised to behave, but did not mean to keep his promise. He selected a man in place of the informer, and managed to have his games in spite of the old merchant. They played as quietly as though they were all mutes.

Now, to make sure that his clerk obeyed his commands, the boss crept up to the store one cold night, after 10 o'clock, and lightly rapped at the back door. The boys were in the midst of the game, but Dave winked and motioned them to be quiet. He waited awhile; then there came another rap louder than the first.

"Who's there?" asked Dave, with a well feigned daze.

"Let me in," said a disguised voice, which the clerk at once recognized as that of his employer.

"What do you want to get in for?" he demanded, sleepily.

"I want to have a social game of cards."

"Now, look here," said Dave, in a virtuously indignant tone, "don't you know Mr. Brinkley has forbidden it?"

The old fellow chuckled approvingly and remained silent awhile; then he spoke in his natural voice:

"Dave, I am Mr. Brinkley, so just let me in; I want my umbrella, it is raining."

"Your voice sounds a little like his, but you can't come in on that—so be off!"

But the old fellow insisted, and Dave went up stairs with a bucket of water, opened the window gently, and doused it over him, drenching him completely.

The next morning, with a perfectly sober face, he informed his employer that a fellow came and coaxed him to let him in. "But I told him what your orders were," added he, "then he tried to make me believe it was you, Mr. Brinkley—you, yourself, sir. But I think I drowned that notion out of him for I emptied a bucket of water on him and went to bed again."

The old man tried to laugh at the joke, but it gave him a chill, so he smiled approvingly and said Dave was a faithful fellow. He went no more on an investigating tour. [EX.]

An Account of an Old Time Duel.

Among the many bloody duels on record as having been fought by Congressmen was one in which James Jackson, of Georgia, who had been and was afterwards a United States Senator, was the challenged party. He was an Englishman, like "Pinafore," by birth, but he came to Savannah when a lad, studied law, was a leading Free Mason, and fought gallantly in the Revolutionary war. He killed Lieutenant Governor Wells in 1780 in a duel, and was engaged in several other "affairs of honor," until he finally determined to accept a challenge on such terms as would make it his last duel. So he prescribed as the terms that each party, armed with double-barrel shot-gun loaded with buck-shot, and with a hunting-knife, should row himself in a skiff to designated points on opposite sides of the Savannah River. When the city clock struck twelve, each party should row his skiff to a small island in the middle of the stream, which was wooded and covered with underbrush. On arriving at the island each party was to moor his skiff and stand by it ten minutes and then go about the island till the meeting took place. The seconds waited on the main land until after one o'clock, when they heard three gun shots and loud and angry cries. Then all was still. At daylight, as had been agreed upon, the seconds went to the island, and found Jackson lying on the ground, insensible from the loss of blood, and his antagonist lying across him, dead. Jackson recovered, but would never relate his experience on that night, nor was he ever challenged again. He died in this city while serving his second term as United States Senator, on the 19th of March, 1806. [Boston Journal.]

Alexis St. Martin, whose open stomach furnished Dr. Beaumont an opportunity for studying directly the processes of gastric digestion, is still living at St. Thomas, Canada. He is described as pale and heavy at the age of 87, though the orifice in his stomach is still open. It will be remembered that the wound was the result of a charge of buckshot accidentally received, laying open the stomach so that food could be injected and removed at will by the attending physician, whose observations were of such great value to medical science. It is now 57 years since the accident occurred.

The Detroit Free Press tells of a man who hugged a bear to death; and now that paper is receiving a great many letters, written in a feminine hand, asking that man's address.

Tom Corwin and the Preacher.

John Brinkley is an old skinfright merchant in a village not far from the city. He had a clerk whom he persuaded to sleep in the store at night, thus saving the expense of hiring a watchman. Now, Dave Osborne, the clerk, was very fond of cards, and was in the habit of indulging in a four-hand game of euchre, inviting three of his friends to come to the store for that purpose and stay until it was closed. They often played until midnight. One night one of them was dispensed with. The cheat turned informer, and Dave was severely reprimanded, and commanded to discontinue the vicious practice on pain of being discharged. Dave promised to behave, but did not mean to keep his promise. He selected a man in place of the informer, and managed to have his games in spite of the old merchant. They played as quietly as though they were all mutes.

While he was not a Christian, he recognized the truth of the Bible, and held the sincere followers of Christ in high esteem.

While Governor of the State he had an attack of illness, during which his life was despaired of, but blessed with a robust constitution, under the influence of skillful treatment he gradually recovered.

As soon as he was able, he walked out on the street, and in a few moments was met by one of the resident members of the city, who said to him:

"I am truly glad, Governor, that you are recovering your health."

"I did not suppose, that you cared any thing about my health," replied Mr. Corwin.

"Why not?" said the preacher.

"You never came to see me during my protracted sickness," was his answer.

"Never saw you at church," said the preacher, "and I did not know that a visit from me would be acceptable."

"I was compelled," replied Mr. Corwin, "to quit going to church lest I might become an infidel. Entrusted with the most important message that was ever committed to man, you delivered it with an apathy that indicated that you had no confidence in its truth! If I were to practice law with the same stolid indifference with which you preach the gospel, I would lose every case."

"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:

"Why, now, Mr. Johnson!"

"If fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, the monkey is yours," continued the wretched.

"Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without feet in the knees of their pants, this X goes to the society," said Mr. Johnson.

"If there are five pairs of stockings in this room that do not need darning, I'll hand over the money," he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members, and as you are not a member, I beg that you withdraw and let us proceed with the routine of business."

An instrument has been invented in France for aiding in the resuscitation of persons apparently drowned, or who from any other cause have been temporarily deprived of animation. It consists of a cylinder of sheet iron large enough to contain the body of an adult person. It is closed at one end, and the inanimate individual is inserted, feet foremost, in the receptacle, as far as the neck, round which there is placed a padded diaphragm, fastened to the cylinder so as to be air-tight. An air-pump attached to an opening in the tube, creates a partial vacuum, and then the outer atmosphere, by its own pressure, forces its way into the lungs by the mouth and nostrils, which are left exposed. By this means the heart is re-excited, and respiration is thereby re-established.

A glass plate inserted in the iron casing enables the operator to watch the movements of the chest, which rises and falls as in life, with the alternate working of the pump. That action may be repeated eighteen times in a minute, an exact imitation of natural breathing being thus produced.

"Stranger," was the reply, "I don't want him."

"Stranger," rejoined the wayfarer, "you're really must buy him. You never see a better horse for the price."

"What is the price, stranger?" asked the contemplative man.

"A hundred and fifty dollars, and dirt cheap at that."

The inquirer meditated for a few moments and then blandly remarked:

"Stranger, I'll give you five."

The equestrian dismounted, saying with earnestness, "Stranger, I won't allow a hundred and forty-five dollars to stand between you and me and a trade."

"The horse is yours."

LIFE TIME OF A LOCOMOTIVE.—The iron horse does not last much longer than the horse of flesh and bones. The ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. Some of the smaller parts require renewal every six months; the boiler tubes last five years, and the crank axles six years; tires, boilers, and fire boxes from six to seven years; the side frames, axles, and other parts, thirty years. An important advantage is that a broken part can be repaired, and does not condemn the whole locomotive to the junk shop; while, when a horse breaks a leg, the whole animal is only worth the flesh, fat, and bones, which amount to a very small sum in this country, where horse flesh does not find its way to the butcher's shambles.

To STOP BLEEDING.—Asa Kemper, Press county, Ohio, says that bleeding from a wound on man or beast may be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt, in equal parts, bound on with white cloth. If the bleeding be profuse, use a large quantity, say from one to three pints. It may be left for hours, or even days, if necessary. In this manner he saved the life of a horse which was bleeding from a wounded artery, the bleeding ceasing in five minutes after the application. It was left on three days, when it worked loose, and was easily removed from the wound, which very soon healed.

You need not be afraid of giving much. The old darky said: "If any ob you know ob any church what died of liberality, jes' tell me what it is, an' I will take a pilgrimage to it, an' by the soft light ob de pale moon I will crawl upon its moss-colored roof an' write upon de topmost shingle: 'Blessed am de dead who die in de Lord."

"Were there cats in the ark?" is a question that is troubling the religious editor of an exchange. Certainly there were; and the first thing they said after leaving the craft was: "If there's Ara-rat around here we want to go-her."

"Always pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, suppose I haven't any thing to pay with?" "Then don't go."

A Monster.

There were a score or more of women gathered together at a Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a clever hearted man, and a respectable citizen though he is rather skeptical in some things.

The women had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnson entered the room.

He was at once appealed to to donate a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and then Mrs. Graham, ad-

vised:

"It would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you give this society its first dollar, and its first kind word."

He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a ten dollar bill, and as the ladies snacked their lips and clapped their hands, he asked:

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—yes," they chorused.

"And it wants money?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Well, now," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape:

"There are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you here who can make oath that you have combed the children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blacked the cook stove, and made up the beds, I'll offer ten dollars."

"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:

"Why, now, Mr. Johnson!"

"If fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, the monkey is yours."

"I have," continued the wretched.

"I have," said Johnson.

"If fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, the monkey is yours."

"I have," said Johnson.

"I have," said Johnson.</p